484 It is four days journey from Shibam to Husn al 'Abr and five days from Husn al 'Abr to Nejran.

485 Routes from the coast are well provided with *siqayas*, or public fountains, near villages, and *qarifs* and *naqbas*, artificial pools and cisterns for rain-water, in the desert places. There are also of course many natural springs and water holes in the wadis. There are *muraba'as* (rest houses, called *nadharab* in the low country and *sira* in the upper) at intervals approximately of a few hours' journey all over the principal routes crossing barren country. There are no definitely appointed stages, but caravans halt at places where they can graze and water their camels. They travel an average of six or seven hours a day.

492 From fifty to fifty-three thousand camels leave the camel park 489 called Therb outside the west gate of Mukalla every year for the interior. From Shihr the number is from 30,000 to 32,000. These figures include 5,000 to 8,000 in the former case and 2,000 in the latter of camels carrying food for the camel-men. Camels for this purpose are provided at the rate of about two to ten loaded camels.

Departures from and to the coast take place almost daily except during the month of Ramadhan. During that month caravans leave Mukalla and Shihr in order to arrive at their destinations by the feast day. Departures from and arrivals at Shibam for and from the interior are not so frequent.

From four hundred to a thousand loaded camels a month enter Shibam alone from the coast. It is estimated that a thousand annually come from San'ā in three or four caravans, but, as stated elsewhere, there is an increase if there is a demand.

An estimate given of the number of camels from other parts of the Protectorate and other parts of the Yemen is fourteen caravans of 1,000 camels each arriving mostly during the winter and spring. Caravans from Nejran are rare.

494 The 1934 fares from Mukalla to Du'an were as follows:—

484 435 1. By donkey, *wa'tā* and *'aser*, that is to say, riding over level country and over the rough and hilly places, standard rate, 15 to 16 dollars, but with variation according to weight, the limits each way being from 12 to 20 dollars.

2. By donkey, *watā*, i.e., riding only over the level country, standard fare, 10 to 11 dollars with limits according to weight of from 8 to 15 dollars.

Each passenger is allowed free transport of up to three *frasilas* (1 *frasila* = 20 lb.) of food.

3. By camel, *watā* and *'aser*, 10 dollars.

4. By camel, *watā*, 5 dollars.

There is no allowance for weight by camel but there is a free allowance of up to three *frasilas* of food.

The freight rates are: By camel, 10 dollars for 1 *bahar* of 20 *frasilas*; by donkey, 1½ dollars a *frasila*.

8: Pike N-4 (no date) 1940 MM2 Hadhramaut MM2

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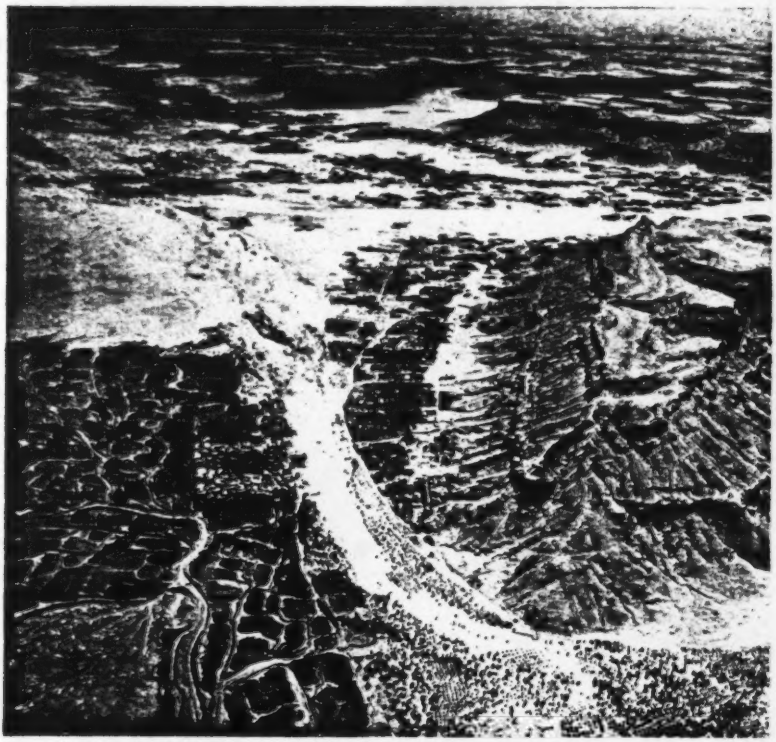

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FIG. 9—Shibam, looking down the Wadi Hadhramaut toward Seiyun (see Fig. 7). Shibam is built on a low hill at the tip of a plateau spur and, for lack of space, grew upward: the buildings are eight to ten stories high. The landlord occupies the upper stories and these parts are whitewashed: the more whitewash, the wealthier the owner. Note the abandoned fields embanked to prevent runoff of water. The upper right-hand margin shows the plateau topography in the direction of the sea, a hundred miles distant.

• 485

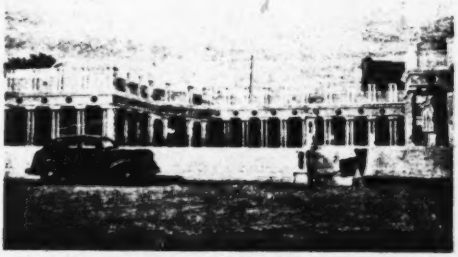

FIG. 10—European guest house at Seiyun. Only one half of the mansion is in view. Most of the courtyard above the steps is occupied by a swimming pool.

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Halfway up from the coast to the top of the Jol, on the road from Mukalla to Tarim, there is a small spring in a coconut grove where agricultural Bedouins live. These people obtain part of their meager income by collecting and selling herbs that are said to grow only in this vicinity as well as from a flock of goats and from coconuts. They are semi-cave dwellers and have walled up with loose stones rock ledges lacking sufficient overhang. The tribe is deft at making coconut-fiber rope, which they prepare for braiding by carefully pounding the fiber on a rock with a wooden mallet. Here a market comes to the door in the form of caravans going to or from Tarim, and to them the rope is sold or traded.

Emigration and Immigration

Lack of employment and overpopulation in the Hadhramaut have caused large-scale emigration to both the east coast of Africa and the Malay States. Even abroad the tribes show a tendency to congregate, with the result that emigrants customarily establish foreign residence with their relatives and friends. Many Hadhramis return, so that today, after a long period of both emigration and immigration, Malay has become a "second language" in the Hadhramaut.

Some have acquired riches, but no one has expended them in a more notable fashion than Seiyid Abu Bekr al Kaf. His family acquired wealth in Singapore and then returned to the Hadhramaut with the hope that through its efforts the cultural and material status of the region might be improved. Donations were made to the poor, city slums bettered, roads constructed; and small English automobiles, transported by camel across the plateau and assembled in the valley, were introduced. An elaborate guesthouse in Tarim and another in Seiyun were constructed, equipped with imported European furniture, and stocked with food and servants so that a foreign visitor might know that accommodation meeting his standards and needs was available. Recently a difficult truck and automobile road between Tarim and the coast, a distance of 170 miles, was completed by the Al Kaf family without outside assistance and at the cost of many thousands of pounds, to connect the hinterland with the more advanced and better-developed and more easily accessible coastal region. However, the greatest humanitarian achievement in the modernization program of the Hadhramaut, that of the termination of age-old tribal warfare and the spread of peace, was not long ago brought about by Mr. Ingrams, assisted by the influential and wholehearted coöperation of the Al Kaf family. At last the incredible, unceasing warfare of the Hadhramaut, where villages only a few hundred yards apart blazed away at each other month in and month out, has stopped, and caravans are no longer sacked by raiding parties.

133 During the daytime the heat was stifling, and at night it was so cold that for hours before the sun rose I was no longer able to sleep. The interminable, barren plain was covered all over with sharp, loose fragments of stone, and among these wound the narrow path along which from morning to night we steadily wended our way.
312 Drinking water is here to be found in *negābas,* which are cisterns hewn out of the rock some three meters below the surface, with a narrow opening. Low ridges lead the scanty rainfall to the *negāba.* Owing to the narrow opening there is very little evaporation, and if one has no rope at hand with a vessel to draw water, this opening is just large enough to admit a man to dip it out.
● 485 Near the *negāba* there is usually a little square building made by piling up rough stones in clay, this is called *murabba,* and here the midday hours with their scorch-
486 ing heat may be spent. For the sake of safety, our
609 Bedouins avoided the *negābas* as places for passing the night. In the evening the neighborhood of the bivouac was carefully reconnoitred, and usually sentries were posted at night. The authorities at Makalla had given us for our personal protection two negro soldiers belonging
133 to the famous slave army of the āl-Qa'ētī sultan. On May 15 we reached the wonderfully beautiful valley Wādī Dō'an. The descent of hundreds of meters of this almost perpendicular wall of rock with loaded camels was a difficult feat causing some anxiety; but the Bedouins and their camels reached the valley below with-
245 out a single mishap. As we looked upon this *wādī,* hemmed in by its high walls of rock, it looked like a land of magic with its deep-green groves of date palms
[361] and its clay villages with great castles and high houses. A glowing heat as dry as dust prevailed in Wādī Dō'an night and day. The bright yellow and deep red bunches of dates were hanging ripening in the hot wind. In the shade of the magnificent and remarkably well kept trees the population were quietly waiting for the harvest time.
114 A great deal of mixture with negro blood (of slaves) has

The way winds upwards out of the wādī; the mountains here are no longer so precipitous and it had been possible to cut out a path on the slope about 300 feet above the bed of the wādī. It is a primitive path, but it has been improved here and there. We are going north-east and have the sun obliquely in front of us; it is a hot, constantly ascending stretch of road. Already at half past seven the Bedouins wanted to make a halt, but we prevented this by vigorous opposition, and it was postponed till 11 o'clock. We have passed a large well of water, el-Ghuḍūḍa, and see Zemān el-Kebīr on our right, lying close to the mountain slope. There are date and coco-nut palms, papaya and banana trees in the midst of neatly cultivated fields of tobacco. We make a halt at the next village, Zemān eṣ-Ṣeghīr, and find shelter against the merciless glare of the sun, in an empty stone building that seems to be intended for passing caravans.

Here we first made acquaintance with those pious institutions for the protection of travellers against thirst, the *siqāyas*. Later on we were to travel from *siqāya* to *siqāya* and learn to look on these white, beneficent landmarks in nearly waterless stretches of country, with a greater thankfulness than at the beginning. We were only just at the edge of the dry, rocky table-land and could still give ourselves the luxury of a hygienic, critical standard in the matter of drinking-water. The *siqāyas* are small buildings, generally five feet square and six feet high, with a dome-shaped roof, made of natural stone or dried mud and whitewashed. About five feet from the ground there are square or triangular holes, through which by means of a cup one can scoop water out of the masonwork cistern, about six inches deep, which has been placed at that height in the *siqāya*. The filling of the cistern is attended to daily by one who is paid for doing so by the pious foundation (*waqf*) endowed for that purpose. In one of the openings in the walls of the *siqāya*, there is to be found the half of a coco-nut shell, a rusty tin, or an oblong wooden cup, with which one scoops out the water and from which one

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drinks. One must accustom oneself as soon as possible to the fixed habit in this country, of drinking one after the other out of the same cup or bowl. Even among the very rich and the Sultans, the big earthenware drinking cups are passed from guest to guest. One sees the soldiers and slaves drink out of them too. The water in the *siqāyas* is often dirty, with a variety of odours and tastes; it also swarms with larvae and the like, but thirst soon teaches one not to notice them and the aversion diminishes in course of time!

In Zemān eṣ-Ṣeghīr we were able to buy milk, buttermilk (here called *rūb*), lemons, coco-nuts and bananas, but at high prices.

In the afternoon we proceeded and in a short time arrived on a plateau, fairly thickly covered with tufts of grass and low shrubs, where two villages, el-Ghēḍa and el-Ghiyāḍa, lie among well-cultivated fields of tobacco, surrounded by a small grove of date-palms. The mayor of el-Ghiyāḍa is related to the family of el-ʿAṭṭās; we were therefore desirous of calling upon him. The door of his simple, mud, mayoral residence was decorated with particularly fine carving. We were received in a little, dimly-lighted room that served both as a place for storing tobacco and as a reception-room. The mayor had been in Batavia for seven years and had there acquired some wealth in the *batik*[1] trade, which a son is now continuing. As soon as I was informed of this, I proposed to converse in Malay instead of in Arabic. Our host eagerly agreed and we were soon deep in reminiscences of Java. Meantime coffee was prepared, consisting for three quarters of ginger and for one quarter of coffee, and a great earthen bowl of cold water passed from mouth to mouth. These porous, unglazed bowls filled with water are placed in the small window openings, and the hot outer air causes the water which exudes through them to evaporate, thus cooling their contents. One finds the same

[1] *Batik* is the name of the specially Javanese art of decorating and dyeing pieces of cloth used as garments. The thus decorated pieces are also called *batik*.

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seem to look upon it as the most ordinary thing in the world and to concentrate all their attention on the rifle-fire which, at intervals, proceeds from the other side. The noise of war has put a sudden end to all the bickering and squabbling, and all the troubles of the day, now nearly at its close, seem to be forgotten. Everyone lets himself go in tales of war, we are all carried away by our imagination, and in a gentle, happy and friendly mood we ascend the mountain path which leads us away from our fellow men in the hot wādī below. The path again leads along the safe side of the spur and, at this point, is overhung by a long piece of rock, under which travellers are in the habit of bivouacking. It is too late to reach the *djōl* before dark, so we decide to stay here and to go on the following morning as quickly as possible to the next *neqāba*[1] in the hope of finding water there. We have just enough left for a pot of tea and we are parched with thirst, but no one can be induced to return to ᶜAmd to fetch water. As we look down from the steep rocky slopes into the wādī far below us we are filled with great rejoicing. ᶜAmd is still visible just at the bend, and we are well away from the wearisome negotiations with the people there and from their rather intrusive interest in us. Also the protecting rock-wall is between us and enemy territory. To-night we are free and alone, far above men, looking out, from our shelf of rock, right to the eternal kingdom of the stars.

Sayyid el-ᶜĒderūs, our *siyāra*[2], relates how, a short time ago, sharp-shooters with mausers succeeded in sniping three men on this very zigzag path. It is the custom towards the close of day to exchange a few shots from the fortified watch-towers, as if to show that guard is being kept. Perhaps we had underestimated the danger again on this occasion.

Little Sayyid Muḥammad bin ᶜAlī felt quite at home in his narrow camp in the rocks on the edge of the precipice. He had

[1] See p. 52.

[2] A *siyāra* (سيارة) is a guide in Bedouin territory, who makes possible safe travelling in the area of his tribe.